

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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NO. 4.

FRANK AND HARRY.

"As you gave up your choice the other evening so cheerfully to your brother," said Frank's mother to him some time afterwards, "I will tell you a true story this evening, which you know you said you should like best."

"Hurra!" cried Frank. "Come Harry, sit down quietly; mother is going to tell us a story, and a true one. Come, mother, begin; all ready, as the omnibus boys say."

"You know," she began, "that my last story was about a well furnished pantry, and that finally all the quarrelsome luxuries were sent away as unnecessary or injurious, now I am going to tell you of a person I met with who seemed to have a great taste for true luxuries, but of a very different sort.

I was dining with this gentleman, and he told me the following story.

He was returning to Boston in one of the superb royal steamers from England, and when they were not very far from the end of their voyage, he and some other gentlemen determined to indulge themselves with the pleasure of giving a dinner to the sailors, as good as they themselves had every day. I suppose you know that in these elegant steamers the passengers pay a large price for their passage, and are feasted every day with all the luxuries which the Tremont or Astor House can supply.

The gentleman who first proposed this, asked the Captain's leave to give this dinner, and wished him to order it, but the Captain replied, "I will have nothing to do with such nonsense, but I will give the steward orders to do whatever you bid him, and I don't care what you do, only I must not appear in it."

Accordingly the gentleman gave the steward orders to provide the very best dinner that the ship afforded. He desired him to prepare four courses such as they had in the cabin, adding that if the dinner was in any respect inferior to what they had in the cabin, it would not be paid for. The steward was desired to keep it a profound secret who ordered the dinner, and not to say anything about it beforehand. When the day came which had been fixed upon, the sailors were astonished that they did not have their dinner at the usual hour. Presently all hands were called on deck. This was such an unusual thing when all was quiet in the ship that they were still more puzzled. The gentlemen meant to have them in the cabin, and that they should be properly waited upon there, but the Captain advised them against this on the ground that they would feel confined in the cabin and not enjoy themselves, so the dinner was served on deck.

When the sailors were assembled on deck and were ordered to take their places at the dinner before them, they looked greatly astonished, but did as they were bid. They were first helped to soup — then to meats of all sorts — then puddings, pies, &c. — then nuts, oranges, raisins, figs and wine. At first they stared as if they were in the land of dreams, but presently the enchanting realities before them were welcomed and consumed with the greatest relish. They were waited upon in the most respectful manner, their feast had no drawback, all was good and agreeable as possible.

The gentleman who told me of this said, that he had been at many grand and good dinners, but he had never enjoyed any one as he did this given to these sailors. The poor fellows were resolved if possible to find out who were their benefactors, but no one would tell them. At last their suspicions fell upon this gentleman who told me the story; he was in fact the man who first proposed it, and was one of the committee chosen to see that all was done in due form and order, and in the most acceptable manner.

The sailors chose the oldest of their number to wait upon him and in the name of the whole to express their thanks. "When the old man approached me," said the gentleman to me, "he took off his hat and was going to speak, but the tears came in his eyes and he could not. He went away and presently returned, but again he lost his self-command and turned away. At last he recovered himself enough to speak, and these were his words; — "'Tis the first time, sir, that we were ever treated like men." The Captain who laughed at the whim of these gentlemen, said afterwards that he had never had such

work from his sailors as he had from that time to the end of the voyage.

"This," said the gentleman, "was the best dinner I was ever present at."

I could not help thinking that this man knew how to treat himself with luxuries, and fully understood what they were. He told me that he travelled a great deal, and that he often met poor women who had no one to protect them and who had crying children with them and no one to take care of them, and that some how or other he found a great pleasure in aiding them. "It makes me happy," said he, "and I don't care for the laugh. They call me quixotic for looking after distressed damsels — but I don't mind what they say."

"I will tell you yet another true story, Frank," said his mother.

"There was a poor girl who was ill of a consumption. She did not suffer much, but she was pretty certain that she should never get well. She was very happy however, for she had many beautiful thoughts to keep her company in her sick room.

One day a good man of her acquaintance came to visit her, and told her of a school in which he was engaged to teach colored people who had been slaves and had run away from their masters and gone to Canada where there can be no slavery, as it belongs to Great Britain. They are now free, happy English subjects. He told her that he was trying to get money to pay the teachers in this school, for they of course did not expect the poor negroes to pay anything but their labor, as far as that would go, to meet the expenses of their education.

The poor girl was very much interested and wished much to contribute something to such a good cause, and felt grieved at her poverty. Presently her face lighted up with a sad smile. "I have," said she, "one thing of value which I could give you but," and she looked very sad, "it would be hard parting with it. My mother gave it to me." She went to a drawer and took out of it a gold necklace, and then as if she were talking to herself she said, "How sweetly my mother smiled upon me when she put this round my neck. I cannot wear it now, my neck is so thin and then it is always covered up, and no one sees it. She would wish me to give it for this purpose, I know. Yes, she would like I should do it. But then I cannot bear to give it away, it was hers, she wore it herself, and I shall not keep it a great while longer at any rate. I can desire my uncle to give it to the school when I am gone." She covered her face with her hands, but you could see her tears through her thin emaciated fingers.

The friend who had told her about the school, simply to please and interest her, begged her not to think any more of giving away the necklace and spoke to her of something else.

"No," said she, "I cannot keep it now that it has come into my mind that I ought to give it to you for the school. Forgive my weakness; you must take it, but the thought of my dear departed mother brings the tears to my eyes."

"Think of it again then before you give away this precious necklace," said the good man.

She put the necklace into his hand and said as she did so, "I have thought of it again, and I have decided

to give it." He took it and left the generous hearted girl, praying that she might recover, but fearing that he should never see her again.

Not long after this he was in a steamboat on his way to some place where he hoped to find aid for the institution he had so much at heart: there he met a gentleman who he had much conversation with upon various subjects; among others this institution for the instruction of these poor runaways. He mentioned among other things this poor girl's gift to this benevolent institution and her grief at parting with her mother's gold necklace. "I hated," said he, "to take it; she will not stay here long, and her pleasures are very few." He mentioned also the name of the town, which is in New Hampshire, where she lived.

"That is my native place," said the gentleman to whom he was relating the story. "Will you let me see the necklace?"

"Certainly," said he, and he took it from his pocket.

"What sum of money shall you obtain for this necklace?"

"I have had it weighed," said he, "and I shall get so much money for it," naming the sum.

"Are you willing to sell it to me for that sum?" said the stranger.

"Certainly, that is all I can obtain for it."

The bargain was concluded by the stranger taking out his pocket-book and paying him the sum he had named, and then putting the necklace in his own pocket, saying, "She shall have it for a new year's gift."

Now let us on the first of January visit the poor sick girl again. Early in the morning some one hands her a

little parcel—she opens it and there is her precious necklace, the gift of her dear mother before she left her for the heavenly land. It was accompanied by a short note in which the writer begs her not to part with the necklace again while she lives, but to consider it her own to do as she pleases with it at her death.

The stranger who had purchased this necklace, and sent it back to this poor girl, knew the true value of riches, and understood and enjoyed the luxury of doing good, of making the poor and the sorrowful rejoice. He was the same man who planned the dinner.

Let us try to think on this new year's day how we can imitate him with such means as we may have.

E. L. F.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. MOORE.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends
And fed with fame, if fame it be,
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

LINES ON SEEING A FLOWER BLOOMING
IN A PRISON-WINDOW.

PALE prisoner, who against the door
Your withered features press,
What is there in that little flower
To soothe your mind's distress?

Is it that in its tender leaf
A tenderer thought you find?
A remnant of an old belief,
A link with human kind?

A shadow of the early days
When childhood's gems were flowers?
A little gleam of Nature's face
Cheering your prison hours?

Perhaps therein your lone eyes trace
A word of peace from Heaven,
A sweet permission still to love
Not to the hardened given.

Oh be it so! Whoe'er you are,
Whate'er your sins may be,
Hope still; for in that little flower
The hand of God you see.

And you in loving it may find
Another love arise,
That born within this fragile plant
May reach again the skies.

MRS. BODDINGTON.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

THE play of "French and English" is one that is known to all children. The reason of its having this name is, I suppose, because there are two parties who are each trying to pull the other down, for this has been the case with the French and English ever since their history was known; each nation has felt the other to be a rival and wished to be the conqueror. Their game has been one of terrible wars, in which they forgot, that they were, like the innocent children in the picture, all related; they have shed each others' blood as though it had been water, and cut down fathers and brothers and sons, without remorse. After the day's fight was over they had no pleasant dreams, and no bright awakening to another day of love and duty, but these little folks in the picture will, when they are tired of pulling, put down their arms, and all go in to the pretty cottage and get a good supper of bread and milk, and then after their mother's kiss, will go to their beds as friends, and not as enemies. Perhaps before they leave the parlor their mother will tell them of the legend, which says, that every one is guarded by two angels, one looking over the right shoulder, and the other over the left; that when the person does a good action, the angel over the right shoulder writes it down, and then seals it; for a good action when done, is done forever; and when the person does a bad action, the angel over the left shoulder also writes it down but does not seal it; he

waits till midnight, and if the action is repented of, and the person asks forgiveness, he then rubs it out, but, if the bad action is not by this time repented of, he then seals it, and the angel who looks over the right shoulder weeps.

Could the angel who looks over the right shoulder find anything to write down in the actions of those who fight with their brother man? Could he do anything but weep, as he saw the angel over the left shoulder put his seal upon what he had written, after he had waited in vain for the hour of repentance?

But the French and English are now at peace, and we hope as both nations know how to do many good things that they will learn how wicked it is to kill each other.

Let little children remember that all wars and fighting come from selfish passions, and try to have their play ground and school room without these beginnings of wars, and think how the good angel weeps when they do not by their sincere repentance let their sins be rubbed out.

S. C. C.

A PERSIAN TALE.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain :
" My brief existence now is ended !
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die."

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it ;
And after years how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it !
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem.

Glasgow Courier.

LETTER TO A TEACHER.

MY DEAR TEACHER — You were so kind as to ask me to write to you in my vacation, and I am glad to do it, for I should really like to inform you of my feelings on some subjects, and ask what you think of them.

You know I am just ten years old, and the youngest of the family. George is twelve, and Fanny is fourteen, and Harry is sixteen, and Mary is eighteen. Now I believe people always think of the youngest child as some pretty blue-eyed, curly headed, lively little pet, that every body plays with and caresses, and tries to spoil with indulgence. I have often heard strangers say to me, "What! you are the youngest of five children, are you? why, what a little darling you must be at home!" and other children sometimes say, "Oh! how I should like to be the youngest!" Even my own sister Mary says so sometimes, when mother talks to her about the example she ought to set to her brothers and sisters.

Now as to my blue eyes and curly hair, I cannot boast of them, you know, having black eyes and very straight black hair. And as to the rest, just observe how it is.

In the first place, my mother is what people call a sensible woman; and I believe there is nothing in the world she is so much afraid of as spoiling me. She says that she desires to profit by the experience she has gained with the other four children; and to prove herself better fitted for training a child now than she was when Mary was a child; and my father says it is really so. In some things she does not indulge me so much as she did

Mary ; in other things, more ; because, as father says, she understands better when it is wise to show indulgence and when to be strict. This is not the thing that I complain of ; I dare say it is all right, though perhaps I sometimes feel as if I should like a little more indulgence. They tell me that the most spoiled children are the very ones who are most apt to desire more indulgence, so I say no more about that. The thing of which I do complain, is, that my older brothers and sisters seem to think that *they* — without any experience — understand the matter better than my parents ; and if any want of strictness is shown to me, never imagine that it is done out of wisdom, and for my real good.

A cousin of mine is also a youngest child, and she was fretting last week because she had to wear cast-off clothes. Now this is my case too ; my father is not poor, but neither is he rich ; and my mother is what they call a good economist. So the clothes do come down to me over two backs at least, I confess : and a bran-new dress has quite a charm for me. Four years ago mother had a glossy jet-black silk dress ; then Mary wore it one summer when she went on a journey ; last summer it was altered for Fanny to wear to school on rainy days, and I heard them talking yesterday about having it made over for me, next spring ; though Mary thought I was too much of a child for a silk dress, and it had better be cut into a visite for me. So do I. I don't complain a bit of all this. This is not the hardship of being the youngest.

But I complain of having too many fathers and mothers. Each of my brothers and sisters seems to feel

it a part of their duty to educate me, and their principal mode of doing this duty is by finding fault with me. Mary, of course, feels quite womanly; she has just left off being a scholar in the Sunday school, and has become a teacher; and I must confess she sometimes talks with me when we are alone very wisely and kindly; she does not always snap me up the moment I say or do anything silly, or scold me just when she sees I am already cross and can't bear it. But she waits till she has a good opportunity, and begins so pleasantly that she makes me willing to talk with her, and ends by making me ashamed of my behavior. She always leaves me feeling anxious to improve. I think she has learned some of mother's ways. — But then Mary is rather indolent, and she and Henry are constantly sending me all over the house to do this or get that for them, and "You are the youngest, Lizzie," seems to be reason enough why I should run up and down stairs twenty times a day upon their errands. Henry, too, is going to college soon, and feels quite a man; so he keeps watch over my manners, and I cannot sit at table, nor come into the room, nor hold my book in a way to please him. Then Fanny, who is going to school and having a music master, and taking lessons in half a dozen other things, I believe, gets very little time to criticize me; but even she takes her part. She has a way of drawing comparisons between me and other "little girls" of my age, which is very trying; she often tells the rest of the family at the dinner table, how much more such a one knows than "our Lizzie," and "I should think that 'our Lizzie' was old enough to leave off dolls, as well as Lucy Green"; when the next

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minute she wonders that I should want to read "Helen"; it is much too old for "our Lizzie." I cannot find out exactly how old she thinks I am. And what is worst of all, when mother is reproving me for anything, Fanny never seems to think that will answer the purpose without a few words from her in addition. If I happen to make any childish, pettish reply to mother — which mother would know perfectly well how to treat — Fanny looks up from her German Grammar, or turns round on the music-stool, and says in a most authoritative tone, "Lizzie, is that a proper way to speak to your mother?" I wonder she does not perceive how disrespectful to mother such interference is.

Then George! who is nearest my age of any, you would certainly suppose *he* might have a good deal of sympathy with me; because it is not long since he was ten years old himself. But I think he has quite forgotten how natural it was for him to do then, many of the very things for which he ridicules me now. In fact he has hardly left off doing some of them yet, but he does not seem to know that. Oh! he does try my temper so much, by taking notice of every slip of the tongue! Sometimes when I am trying hard to be good, he does make it so much harder for me! and is not that the unkindest thing any body else can do to us? — He appears to forget that even now, at twelve years of age, he still has fits of peevishness, or indolence, or frolicsome noisiness, and is as much astonished and angry when I have one to struggle with, as if he had got all through with them long before he was of my age. I do suppose a great deal of this is mere thoughtlessness; I do not imagine he really expects his little sister to be a faultless

wonder of goodness ; but he seems perfectly surprised at my failings. Instead of trying to keep temptation away from me, I sometimes think he delights in calling out the evil that is in me ; does he not know that that is the very way to make it grow strong ?

Sometimes, my dear Teacher, he comes bounding in from school or play, full of spirits, just as I am hungry, or tired, or very much interested in doing something, or perhaps worried by being found fault with by others ; and without caring a straw about how I am feeling, he will tell me to do something which I do not wish to do ; and then, woe be to me, if I answer as I feel ! If my heart gets so full at last, that I cannot help crying, then I am called a " great baby " ; which of course, does not tend much to soothe me or make me any better, or happier. Oh ! how I do wish sometimes that older people could look into the hearts of us young ones, and understand what is passing there ! Couldn't they, if they should try ? I believe that would make even my older brothers and sisters understand better how to help me resist my temptations, and grow good.

But I do get so discouraged by being continually reproved, first by one, and then by another ! They make little things of so much importance that at times I am ready to go away, and cry by myself, thinking I must be the worst of all children.

Yet I know they all love me dearly. They are often very kind to me ; I only wish I could tell them how much I feel it. When they show the least interest in my plays, I enjoy them twice as much ! And last winter when I was sick with the lung fever, and the Doctor thought I could not live, I could see such anxious faces

in my dim chamber, when mother allowed them to come to my bedside and look at me for a moment. I could hardly keep my eyes open, but I saw such sorrow in each of their countenances, one after another ! And Henry stooped down to kiss my hot hand, and even George's eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered ; and Fanny sobbed quite loud enough for me to hear as she went out of the room. Mary helped mother in taking care of me ; but the others found different ways of showing their goodness to me. I took particular notice that George never whistled in the house once for a whole fortnight ; although he has that ungentlemanly habit to the great annoyance of his mother and sisters.

I have an aunt who is not married, but has visited about a great deal among her married friends, and she says that I must not complain, for it is just so in every family. I dare say it is ; but it is none the easier to bear for that, nor the more right. She says that mothers often find it difficult to bring up their younger children as they wish, because the elder ones, who are still far from being formed themselves, do interfere, and irritate the younger, and take some of the management into their own hands, without knowing how to do it judiciously. She says an older sister almost always over-manages a younger one. But after allowing all this, she insists upon it, that if I try to make a proper use of all these trials, they will do me good. I suppose they will teach me to bear and forbear, and to command my temper better than if I never had anybody to plague me.

I only wish I had a little sister. Then I should love to try to make her always feel pleasantly, even when

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she was getting cross! I cannot tell how I might be changed, but it does seem that if God should give me one now, I should understand her feelings, and try to pass over her *little* failings just as mother does, and save her from thinking that she is found fault with every moment. It is so wearing! Do you think I should do any better than Fanny and George? — if I were no longer

THE YOUNGEST OF THE FAMILY.

ANSWER.

MY DEAR PUPIL — No, I do not think you would. Each age and each situation in life bring their own temptations. Your brothers and sisters, just emerging from childhood, feel that love of exerting a little authority which is a fault natural at this time of life. I dare say, too, that they often intend honestly to do you good, and assist their mother in training you up. But they have not as much sense now as they will have ten years hence; they do not fully comprehend your parents' system, nor understand the best way of speaking to children, or correcting their faults. That they will learn, as their minds ripen, and they observe more. You see your oldest sister has gained something already by experience.

I am both glad and sorry that you have written to me as you have done. I am sorry to have you indulge a spirit of complaint. Check that, my dear; remember that it is God who surrounds you with relations, for the formation of your character. He sees not only all that

passes in your family, but in your heart. Pray to Him every night for help to bear all things rightly, and your heart will come into such a state that you can be almost always amiable and cheerful. Trust Him with your sorrows, rather than any fellow-creature.

I am glad you have written to me, however, because I can be a more faithful Sunday-school teacher to you, if I know what your trials and secret feelings are.

And the evil of which you complain is so very common, that I have determined to send your letter to the Editor of the Child's Friend. Not because it is particularly well-written, but because, if it should be admitted, I hope some brothers and sisters on reading it may be induced to consider whether they do not sometimes err in their behavior to the younger members of the family. Many conscientious young people have been led to remedy their mistakes of judgment by such casual suggestions.

Your affectionate teacher, L. L.

### SIEGBERT.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 123.)

#### III.

IN the mean time summer had arrived and the apparition had not been seen for a long while. Often had Baron Arbogast ridden forth, but nowhere had he seen any youth in the slightest degree resembling the figure in his dream; and he sought the more anxiously, as the



equinox was beginning to approach. He endeavored to amuse himself with the diversion of great hunting matches, in which it sometimes happened that he wandered to a remote distance from his companions; and after they had passed several days at his castle, where every thing had been made ready for their entertainment, the lord of the mansion would return, when the guests had already departed. During such an excursion on a warm autumn day, he visited the valley which was adjacent to the cloister. All his attendants had remained behind, and he had trotted quite alone along the pleasant path, accompanied only by his dog. A gentle kindly spirit breathed through him, as he here noticed all around industrious cultivation and all the indications of a happy retirement secluded from the world. A pretty village appeared before him, and a large house at its entrance particularly attracted his attention. He alighted from his horse in front of it, and after tying him outside he ascended the high steps and entered the door, asking for refreshments as a huntsman, who had lost his way in the mountain. A large, noble looking man received him kindly, and by degrees four sons collected around their father, the youngest of whom had not yet reached his tenth year, and the eldest could scarcely have been sixteen. All regarded the stranger with wonder, as he seemed to them in his dress and deportment a rare guest; and in silence they stood at a modest distance around him, without being confused however when he questioned them.

Then the knight thought of the youth in his dream, and sportively asked the eldest whether he would go home with him, describing his castle, his horses, and the

chivalrous life led in his mansion. But the boy shook his curly head, and thought that it was more pleasant still to be down below in the valley with his father, than above at the cloister and its splendid church. The same answer was also returned to him by the other brothers, until the father, who had listened in silence to the conversation between the stranger and his sons, now interposed, and with a smile assured him that he would be unable with all the riches in the world to entice either of these four away from their quiet valley; but he added, that he had still another son, who was in many respects a surprising contrast to his brothers, and that to him the knight could not have addressed such a word in jest, without his taking it in earnest, as he was always dreaming of horses and fighting. Even at this time, Siegbert, for that was the name of his second son, had run up to the cloister, to be again with Father Placidus; for the purpose, as the holy man supposed, of receiving instruction from him in pious lore; but far more, as *he* (the father) better knew, to look at the beautiful pictures of knights in his great book, or to survey the distant country from the lofty spire of the cloister—for the sake of these, he did not disdain to accept some instruction into the bargain; though, notwithstanding his frequently rather noisy and wild disposition, he was a good-humoured, friendly lad.

During this speech, the knight felt like a man who after a vain and often-repeated search, at last unexpectedly finds a long-desired treasure. He inquired with an earnestness which could not but surprise the father, whether Siegbert would not come home soon?—and the father, having glanced at the window, replied laugh-

ing, 'Oh! we shall not need to seek him long, for look, while we are talking about him, he is standing abroad by your horse. How pleased he is to look at him and stroke his mane; and the animal eyes the boy just as if they were old acquaintances and took equal delight in one another.'

The knight rose from his seat, and now his eye fell with joy on the tall, slender figure which seemed to have outgrown its peasant-garments, and on the rich growth of hair which hung down behind, over his neck and shoulders. When the father now called to his son, and he turned his large blue eyes and beautifully arched brow towards those who were surveying him, all doubt was completely removed from the knight, that this and none other, was the youth after whom he had so long been vainly searching. The latter seemed somewhat surprised at finding himself so closely viewed; he came forward however with a smiling face, and looking at the knight with approbation, before he had yet spoken to him, thus began, as he entered in, — 'I thought that it must be a knight, who rode so stately a steed!' — but just then observing the knight's dog, who had quietly laid himself down in a corner of the room, he cried out, as if forgetting himself, 'O there are just such dogs in the Father's book; there are none of the kind in our valley!'

The knight was equally enchanted both with the simplicity and frankness of the boy; and, addressing the father — 'The question,' said he, 'which I put in jest to your other sons, I would ask now of this one, in sober earnest — whether he will consent to go with me, and live in my house as my son?'

Siegbert stared on the stranger nobleman with inquisitive, and almost pensive looks, as if he would say, 'Oh do not bring me so near my brightest hopes, to take them away with you again, unfulfilled, and to leave behind in my heart only an ungratified longing!'

But the knight now circumstantially informed the father who he was, and how long he had lived deprived of wife and children; adding, that he desired nothing so much as to have near him such a bright youth to cheer him as his son Siegbert seemed to be, and that if he would confide him to his hands, he would assuredly take care of him like a true and loving father. The master of the house yielded his consent without reluctance, 'Because,' said he, 'the lad is of no use in our occupations.'

Siegbert shouted for joy, and while he seized the knight's hand and pressed it to his heart, he said, 'I will indeed be to you a right dutiful son.'

The stranger now began to enjoy the refreshments which had been brought in by the mother of the family. a portly, comely woman, but which had remained until now unnoticed by the guest. In the meanwhile Siegbert quickly arrayed himself in his holiday finery for the journey, and it was exceedingly becoming to him. He was restlessly running, now to the dog, and now to the man; yet when the time of departure came and he was forthwith to accompany the knight, on taking leave of his father, mother and brothers the tears gushed from his eyes.

'But I shall still,' he said, 'remain your dear brother, and I shall often visit you with my new father, and you too must visit me.'



Even when he had torn himself away and was going out, he once more sprang back and fell on the necks of all of them. 'I must,' said he, 'take leave too of dear Father Placidus. I can go in half an hour, and my new father,' he added, 'will wait that time.' So taking it for granted, he hastened down the steps, calling to the horse in passing, 'Just wait a little, you dear fellow, we shall soon be right good friends.' And away he ran with the swiftness of a bird, soon disappearing from the eyes of all of them.

'You must not blame him,' said father Reinhold — for so the master of the house was called — 'he is always so' — and then he said much in praise of him, until within an hour the boy returned. He came back with a troubled countenance.

'Alas!' said he, 'my dear teacher Placidus seemed vexed that this should be the fruit of all his instruction, and that I now wished to go into the wicked world; and he spake to me so many grave words, that I almost repented of the purpose to accompany you. But now that I see you and your beautiful horse,' he continued, 'my heart is again lighter, and let the holy man say what he will, go with you I must, I cannot help it.'

After again renewing the farewells, the boy moved on by the side of the knight, who left his horse to proceed slowly, while the dog hastened forward with gambols and leaping. The father and brothers of Siegbert came out at the door, and looked from the high steps after the departing ones. On the top of the nearest hill the boy once more saluted them, and then disappeared with the knight amid the dark forest which girdled the valley round about.

## IV.

A renewal of the pleasures of life re-entered the knight's castle with the boy. The lord of it had often been in such a gloomy irascible state of mind, as to storm and rage tremendously at his servants even for trifling oversights which scarcely deserved reproof. Where he appeared, merriment was scared away, and only ventured to show itself freely when he had rode forth to hunt in the forest, or to pay a visit. Now, he became milder and more friendly towards his servants. The boy occupied him in various ways; he himself gave him instruction in many knightly accomplishments and taught him to do for him the service of a page. And Siegbert seemed as if he had been born for all these things, needing often to see them performed only once, before he immediately learned them. He could never, refrain from shouting, as he saw the glitter of a polished coat of armour, and he would stand riveted before it until his father — for so he now called the knight — admonished him of some other service.

The boy's state of mind in the castle itself was often very singular; even when he entered it for the first time, it seemed to him as if he had once before been there a great while ago, even before he was born; and when he walked through the apartments by the side of Baron Arbogast, or still more, when he ran up and down the winding stair-cases alone, or glided through the narrow and darkened passages, especially in the upper story, recollections arose in his mind like circles on the broken surface of an expanse of water, which vanished again just as they came, without being able to form themselves into distinct images. After thinking long, finding himself in-

capable of discerning with clearness what he sought, he was accustomed to say to himself, 'I must have seen it in the book of father Placidus.'

He passed the long winter evenings chiefly in conversation with his foster father, who narrated to him by the fire-side, old heroic stories, or his own deeds in arms, travels and tournaments; the knight also, was not a little entertained with hearing the boy in return describe his quiet life in the house of his father Reinhold, and the instructions of father Placidus. When they had in this way amused each other far into the night, they both retired together to their beds; for the knight occupied a moderate sized apartment, the door of which, always open, led into another much larger which he had selected for their joint sleeping room. Here a lamp hanging down from the ceiling diffused its gentle light so as to reveal to the knight, whenever he opened his eyes, the image of the boy over against him reposing in the calmest slumber, having always repeated aloud before going to sleep his pious prayer; whereby the knight himself, as if comforted and protected against every assault of evil by the neighborhood of this pure innocent spirit, slumbered in tranquillity. Thus the long nights which had often distressed him with the most hideous visions of terror, passed over, this season, without any alarm. No vision appeared during the whole winter.

The spring and summer followed still more cheerfully. Siegbert now attended on horseback his foster-father in his excursions. And one who had seen the youth—for boy, he could no longer be called—as he accompanied the knight, would scarcely have deemed it possible that this beautiful slender form, which seemed to have grown

up in the use of arms and every knightly accomplishment, had scarcely within a year left father Reinhold's rustic habitation. During this space of time the exterior of Siegbert had improved wonderfully. A beautiful nobleness was expressed in all his bearing, accompanied with an indescribable purity and simplicity of manner. He was besides, more rich in various learning than was usual for a youthful knight of his age ; for father Placidus had found in him a studious scholar, although he frequently quite forgot the pious addresses and proverbs of his teacher, if the great book with its beautiful pictures of knights and battles, lay open before him. For this cause the father would turn over the leaf in displeasure, and show him bishops in their pontificals, with other holy men as they preached before princes and people, and with kind consoling faces or with grave threatening countenances interposed between contending combatants and created peace ; explaining to him how much more glorious were the weapons of these men, which drew forth no tears and caused no blood to flow, yet prevailed at last to make even antagonists lay down their arms and put an end to hostile strife. Hereupon however the pupil usually retorted that military weapons were indispensable in the world, and inquired who would have defended the servants of the Lord against their heathen foes—these bristling in arms and martial array, were quite conspicuous in the book—if pious knights had not been willing to pour out there blood for their dear Lord, who first shed his for all of us.

Then it was, that the thought always rose higher in Siegbert's soul, that he too would be a right stalwart pious champion for the holy faith. He did not consider



that his low birth shut up the path for him to the lofty honours of chivalry; he only felt conscious of his own capacity, and it seemed to him as though they must come.

## V.

While the youth was so nobly struggling on, inspired with fair young dreams; with the returning equinox the old dark spirit appeared, attempting to resume its ancient sway over Baron Arbogast. As the outward light diminished, it seemed as if one bright ray after another was extinguished in his soul. Even on Siegbert many dark shadows now fell from his troubled spirit, though they were dissipated in the superior brightness of the youth, and excited in him nothing but a passive regret by obliging him to feel how vainly he made every exertion to chase away the dark cloud from his dear father. The knight was especially ungracious when he was overcome by wine, as now often happened; and to divert himself he would ride forth upon new adventures, wherein an inward feeling perhaps told him, that the youth would be out of place. Siegbert then remained behind, as the gentle keeper of the house, and all the servants fondly gathered around him, glad to be again enlivened by his great kindness, and especially to refresh themselves after the many vexations which they were compelled to experience from the knight; or else the youth wandered in a reverie, through the labyrinth of the castle-passages, reflecting in himself upon the nature of the gloomy spirit which had come over his dear father. The latter had permitted him to visit all the apartments as he pleased, but had pointed out to him *one* door, ut-

tering these words, in the stern tone which he was accustomed to use towards his servants only, but never with Siegbert.

‘Never go *there*, young man, unless you wish instantly to quit my house and heart.’

Until now, Siegbert had faithfully obeyed this prohibition. At this time however Baron Arbogast had departed again, and had been gone a day longer than he had promised for his return. Again Siegbert wandered through the passages, and being more than ever plunged in contemplation and not thinking whither he was directing his steps—in a moment, as if some invisible hand had opened the door to him, for he scarcely remembered the having done it himself—he stood in the middle of the forbidden room. Then first he thought of the prohibition and would quickly have withdrawn, but felt himself chained to the spot as if all his senses had had been arrested. It was a rather large chamber, full of old fashioned furniture, and the walls were hung with tapestry. In one corner stood a large bed, a chair was near the oval table in the centre, and soft garments, such as an old man might have worn, some of them bordered with fur, hung here and there against the wall. The whole resembled an apartment the occupant of which had gone a journey, and it had not been cleared out for any other person. It was plain however to the youth, that he had been on the very spot before; and as if his recollection of the whole castle rayed forth more clearly from this point, it now rose up before him with all its circumstances, a distinct image of the past, looming forth from his inner darkness. It seemed to him as if he were hearing a cradle-song, with the voice of a

very old man, murmuring endearing words. He could not refrain from going close to the soft garments and touching them with his hand, while tears gushed from his eyes.

In a state of feeling which he had never before experienced, he at length attempted to withdraw; when just at the entrance he noticed some books, placed in a beautifully carved alcove. One of them had a curious cover, with silver clasps and gilt edges. He opened it; it was a prayer-book with painted letters and pictures of the saints and the Bible-stories. But a large book lying under it attracted him far more, having the same ornaments on the covers as that of Father Placidus, and when he opened this also, he saw that it was beautifully written, but in a language unknown to him which might be Latin; and it contained very beautiful pictures, representing scenes of war. But he did not dare to look through the pages, and only glanced at yet another volume, written in his dear mother tongue, but not so much ornamented as the others, and containing no pictures; it seemed to be still unfinished, scarcely half the leaves being written.

Siegbert would gladly have lingered here a long time to survey the books, but the awakened recollection of his father's prohibition, and the consciousness that he had already been long transgressing, suddenly frightened him out of the chamber; his thoughts however were constantly returning to it, until towards evening Baron Arbogast returned, in a much milder and friendlier mood than was usual with him after such an absence.

Both of them had enjoyed together their evening repast, and were sociably sitting as usual by the fireside

with one another ; abroad, the storm was piping and drove the clouds across the sky, now concealing the clear moonlight, and again hurrying past and giving room for the beams to shine without obstruction over the ground which was covered with snow. But at this time the knight and his foster son seemed to have exchanged characters ; the former being now as talkative and having as much to tell as was usually the case with Siegbert, who sate for the most part still and absorbed as it were, until, a pause having ensued, he at length broke his silence in these words.

‘ I dare no longer conceal it from you ; indeed I could not sleep in peace were I to be silent without first confessing to you my disobedience. But do not be angry, when you hear that today, being busied with various thoughts and scarcely knowing how it happened, I found myself in the room which you had forbidden me to enter.’

At these words the knight’s countenance was disfigured with fearful rage, which burst forth when the youth added,

‘ But to whom did the clothes hanging there, belong ?’ and he was going on to reveal how strangely he had felt—as if he had been in that apartment before and even seen the man who had worn those clothes ; but before he had time to speak those last words, the knight in a terrific tone thus interrupted him.

‘ False one ! well thou deservest that I should thrust thee forth into the darkness and storm, and send thee back to thy cloister vale whence thou camest.’

But Siegbert so humbly acknowledged his fault, and so movingly implored forgiveness, that the knight seem-



ed at last to be somewhat pacified; he retired to rest however in gloomy discontent. Siegbert repeated his evening prayer in a mournful tone, and the deep sadness of his spirit which melted away all his strength, might itself have been the cause of his quickly falling asleep.

Sleep however could at this time gain no power over the excited feelings of the knight. He heard the clock on the tower strike eleven and then twelve. He was all upon the toss! he looked anxiously towards the larger apartment—he compelled himself to turn his eyes continually in that direction, and when the last stroke of the hour sounded, there stood the old man in very deed, as if he had emerged from the farther part of the wall. At first he was for a while motionless, but he then came forward, growing more distinct through the doubtful light, and drew nearer and nearer to the door, at the side of which stood the youth's bed, towards which he looked, as though not venturing to pass by it. An indescribable agony seized the knight on the approach of the apparition. 'Siegbert, Siegbert, my son!' he cried in anguish, 'wake up, and drive away for me the old man.'

The youth started from his sleep, and supposing that some enemy had gained secret access and was threatening the life of his dear father, he quickly sprang out of bed and seized a sword which stood near.

'That is not wanted,' now begun the knight, tranquillized since the apparition had disappeared at his cry, 'if thou wilt only be awake, and pray in holy words, it will suffice to scare away the foe. Still however, my son, if you love me, put on your clothes and stand with your naked sword at the entrance of the sleeping room.'

Siegbert soon threw on his clothes ; and now the youth stood, just as the knight had seen him in his dream, with the drawn sword in his hand at the threshold of the entrance. The lamp above diffused a mild light over his deserted bed and the inner apartment, while from above the moonlight illumined the room with a pale glimmer.

‘ But what help can I afford you ? ’ said the youth ; ‘ I know not, I am aware of no enemy, and even were I, a weak boy, able to defend you, why should not you confide rather in the great Keeper above, who holds his protecting shield over all pious hearts, so that no adverse powers can harm them ? ’

He spoke many more pious words, as he had learned them from Father Placidus, until at length the dreaded hour was long past, and the weary knight had sunk into a deep sleep. The youth, to whose pure spirit any fear of the threatening powers of darkness was a stranger, now seated himself in a chair by the side of his foster father’s bed, and the descending veil of slumber was gradually drawn ever closer around his senses. His eyes were still shut, when the knight rose in the morning from his repose ; the sword which he still held in his hand had sunk down with his arm, so that its point rested on the floor, and Arbogast blessed in silence the pious boy, whose disobedience he had now entirely forgiven.

[To be continued.]

[Having followed, in the main, a friend's literal rendering of the following fable, I suppose I may venture to call it a *translation* from Lessing.]

## THE LION AND THE HARE.

## A FABLE.

A Lion once did condescend  
To make the timid Hare his friend;  
His kingly state would oft forego,  
To chat with Puss an hour or so.

As, through the woods, one pleasant day,  
In social mood they took their way,  
The little favorite, drawing near,  
Addressed the monarch without fear.

"O say, great king, if that be true  
"Which often I have heard of you!  
"Or is it not a vulgar error,  
"That you the feeling know of terror,  
"And cannot, without trembling, hear  
"The crowing of poor chanticleer?"  
"Tis true," the royal beast replied,  
"That foible 't weve in vain to hide.

"But know that all we noble creatures  
"Have some slight weakness in our natures;—  
"The Elephant's is worse than mine;  
"He's frightened by a grunting Swine!"

The Hare, in mimic tones of pride,  
To his confession thus replied,—  
"I now perceive the reason why  
"We Hares so dread the Hound's shrill cry."

S. S. F.

## THE LITTLE VOICES.

THERE was once a good mother, who had two dear little daughters. How much she loved them, only God and good angels knew, but every morning brought her a new delight when she saw their bright beaming faces at her chamber door, and every evening when they were asleep, she would steal softly to their bedside, and as she watched their still faces, would pray the dear Father in heaven, to keep their little hearts always warm and loving.

Their names were Mary and Fanny—Mary was two years older than Fanny, and a serious, gentle child whom every body loved and fondled—But Fanny was the joyous little sunbeam of her father's house, full of fun and frolic from morning till night. The good mother did all she could to make her children happy and useful. She longed to keep their hearts pure and innocent, and tried to surround them with holy and beautiful influences.

One day as Mary and Fanny sat by their mother's side; she pointed out to them the beautiful landscape from their window, and told them that everything they looked upon was an emblem of God's love to his children. They lived in a beautiful spot; a range of glorious mountains stretched far away to the south, and a winding river lay between. There were thick forests on all sides and sweet birds sang in the deep shade. All these things spoke to the heart of the mother and filled it with gratitude, and she longed to make them dear and familiar to her children.



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She had often spoken to them of the *voice* of conscience, which God had placed within their breasts, to teach them when they did right or wrong ; and she had begged them to listen to this little voice and be led by its warnings, if it spoke ever so faintly. But now she wanted her little girls to listen to the voices about them, to those outside their own breasts because she thought these would make them still happier and would perhaps make the little voice of conscience knock the louder. So she told them when they walked out in the woods and fields, to look about them, to watch and see how every little bird built her nest, to listen to all the sounds they heard in earth, air or water, and to let everything teach them how to be better and happier.

Mary and Fanny remembered these things ; like other children they were sometimes naughty, but in the main they tried to be good, and were always kind and loving to each other and to their parents.

One bright Saturday afternoon the little girls went to visit their aunt who lived about two miles distant. Their father gave them a ride, and they were to walk home before dark. They had a pleasant afternoon, and returned home in fine spirits. Not far from their house, was a deep thick wood through which they always had to pass. Mary and Fanny had always delighted in this shady little wood ; they had often gone there of a hot summer's day to feel the cool air among the pines, and to play at hide and seek—But now, tired with their afternoon's frolic, they walked slowly and silently along, each little sister's arm around the other. "Fanny," said Mary suddenly, "let us try to hear the little voices mother was telling us about the other day, and see if they will mean

anything to us." "Yes, dear, so we will," said Fanny, "mother will be so pleased to think we remembered it." They walked on a few minutes, very silently—Only the low murmuring of the wind among the pines fell upon Mary's ear—"It is so solemn," said she, "it makes me think of the church organ, when it plays 'The Lord is in His holy temple'—Dear Fanny, I think He is here too." "Mary, said Fanny, do you see that little wren, hopping about there, and twittering at such a rate? I have been watching her some minutes, and never did I see such a bustling little thing. She is making a nest I am sure, and she does seem so happy about it. Every minute or two she opens her little throat, and chirps away as though she thought it mighty pleasant, and she says to me, just as plainly as if she could speak—'Fanny next time you help your mother make the beds or tend the baby, do be happy about it and do it as if you loved to,' and I *will*, you busy little wren, said Fanny as she went away—and I'll remember it too, said Mary; it's a great deal better to do things as if one loved to. It can't be very pleasant for mother to see us helping her as if we only did it because we must."

Soon they came to a merry little brook, that went dancing and leaping over the stones and rippling in the sunshine. Fanny laid her ear on the ground beside it and listened, "Sister, said she, do you know there were once, many little drops of water, a long way off there among the mountains," said she, waving her little hand, "and they felt lonesome,"—here Mary laughed,—"and so they thought they would all run down hill together and make a little brook and have a good time, dancing over the stones and making music.

And when we are lonesome, I think the little brook would tell us to find some other little girls, and dance and play and make music—What do you hear, Mary?"

Only the wind among the pines, they tell me to be still as they are, and God will send me little birds and soft winds to make music for me—Hark! there is a wood-thrush, how long and clear his note is, how sweetly he sings.

I wonder if the angels sing like that, said Fanny, you know we heard aunt Sally say the other day, that they play on golden harps and sing—I don't believe said little Mary that they play on harps all the time or sing; I guess they sing as mother does when she puts baby to sleep, or as you do Fanny, at your work, because you can't help it, only a great deal more beautifully. How I wish I could hear the angels sing, said Fanny.

Do you? Why it makes me happy enough to hear mother and you and the birds sing—Listen again! there he goes. Oh you beautiful thrush.

And now the wood was fuller than ever of little voices, but Fanny and Mary knew they must go home and come another time to hear the rest. Fanny stooped down to pick a bunch of violets for her mother. You have no voices my little posies, said she, but if you could speak, I am sure you would tell me to be a modest, quiet little girl and stay in just such mossy green places as this.

Do hear that dismal *whip-poor-will* said Mary as they left the wood. It makes me laugh now, but the other night when I had been naughty and heard him in the wood, I was quite provoked to hear him make such doleful noises—It was just as if he kept telling me, that I deserved to be punished. I'll never forget you, *whip-poor-*

will said Mary, and I hope you 'll always tell me when I'm naughty.

The children were now at their own door, Mary flew to kiss her father, and Fanny to take the baby from her mother's arms, while she finished her Saturday's sewing. And oh ! you blessed little Tommy said she as she tossed him up to look at the red sunset through the trees, I'll never forget how the little wren in the wood told me to tend a dear little brother like you?

That night when her children were in bed, the mother went as usual to look at them. But they were not asleep, and they threw their little arms around her neck and drew her face close to theirs, Oh mother ! said little Mary ! we feel so happy, and we want to shew the dear Father in heaven, that we thank him for letting us hear so many pleasant little voices—And mother said Fanny, how can such little girls as we are, thank him best.

Then the mother told them, that there were many wretched little children who never played in the sunshine, or heard the sweet birds sing ; that God loved these miserable little ones, as much as he loved them, and if they wanted to show their love to Him and to the Holy Jesus, they would be kind and loving to all who needed their love.

Fanny, said Mary, after a moment's silence, Let us go on Monday and take poor little sick Mabel Gray to ride in Baby's waggon. We will take her to a nice cool place under the pine trees and tell her about the little voices and make her as happy as ever we can—

And they did so, and as Fanny and Mary grew up, their mother and all their friends rejoiced in their words and deeds of love to all the unfortunate. They became

ministering angels to all who needed their kindness,
And when they were alone they did not feel afraid of the
voice from the world or of the voice within, for loving
spirits seemed to encircle them, and every tone they heard
spoke to them of the eternal melodies. w.

NATURE'S GREAT HYMN OF PRAISE.

AFTER THE STYLE OF STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

The merry streamlet onward glides
And warbles forth a song,
While whispering breezes passing by
The gladsome notes prolong.

The forests wave in majesty,
And with a deep-toned voice
Address the winds that play around,
And bid them to rejoice.

The little birds their lay of love
With mellow voices sing,
While sunny vales and leafy groves
With blithesome carols ring.

Each glistening flower that nods its head
Yon murmuring river by,
Smiles, as it breathes a voiceless song
Unto the beaming sky.

There is a strain of melody
In every opening day,
When dewy leaf and bursting bud
Catch the bright morning ray.

And soft at shady even-tide
Earth's thousand voices rise,
While angels tune their starry harps
In yonder sapphire skies.

How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down-with golden fruit,
And birds are in the bowers ;

And clear and low the chorus sounds
In winter's icy reign,
When rivers swell through crystal pipes
The mighty north-wind's strain.

The moon sends silent music down
As it gilds each earthly thing,
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

Should man remain in silence then,
While all beneath the skies
In chorus join? No! let us sing ;
And while our voices rise,

Oh! let our lives, great God! breathe forth
A constant melody,
And every action be a tone
In the sweet hymn to Thee.

J. R., JR.

Religious Magazine.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

MIGHT it not be a most excellent way for every person at the close of each day to relate any circumstance that he or she had met with, which showed good feeling in another, and in this way gather up some of the flowers that grow on the highway of life. If such a practice were pursued it would be the means of putting an end to some of the scandal that floats about as a sort of poison, engendering diseases of the temper, and taking from life its most healthful sweets, and what is called gossip would in this way gradually die out, as green tea has nearly done.

After this recommendation I will relate one kind deed I heard of, in my travels this last summer, not that this deed was the only one I heard of or met with, but because it is a pretty, though a short story. When one speaks of their travels, it is supposed that they have crossed seas, and gone to other countries; but in this instance, I am more like the travelled Ant who having taken passage in his frail barque upon a little pond, supposed he had in its circumnavigation taken in the whole globe; but, as a single drop of water contains a world of wonders, it is not strange that the little Ant should feel that he was in the midst of all the wonders of the universe when he was upon this great sea, that had for him no horizon, and when we consider that the vessel which bore him along, was also composed of wonderful little cells and fibres which to his eye must have

been exhibitions of the most mysterious machinery, we sympathize with his feelings, and become like him full of surprise and astonishment.

And now that I have finished my preface, or nearly so, I will tell my story.

Once upon a time there was a party of travellers who all met at the same inn at the close of a warm day in August; they had seen and heard much through the day, were rather fatigued, and sat together waiting for the hour of retiring for the night; some seated themselves on the sofa, some in rocking chairs, and some in chairs that did not rock or do any thing else that was particularly agreeable. I happened to be seated in one of these ill to do chairs, when a young man, whose acquaintance I had made upon my travels, drew his perpendicular chair towards mine, and told me he had a little anecdote to relate which he thought would interest me. I told him I was fond of true stories and should be glad to hear his. I had to listen very attentively to catch his voice which was rather low, as the story related somewhat to himself. He said, "I was some years ago travelling in a steamboat from the south to the north, when I learned that there was on board the same boat a young man who was very ill; I directly inquired after him, and found that he had come on board while suffering from an illness which he had taken during his visit in a hot southern climate; I found that he was alone and was suffering for the want of friendly care, and I stayed by him and did all I could to relieve and comfort him; his destination was New York, but he was too ill to proceed so far, and was obliged to leave the boat, and land at the first stopping place where he could be com-

fortable; he was in great distress when he found this was necessary, as he was too ill to take care of himself. Though I was a perfect stranger to him, he requested me to land with him and take care of him till word could be got to his friends in New York of his condition. I was a little surprised at this request, knowing nothing of the person; it was also very inconvenient for me to delay my journey homewards, still I could not feel it in my heart to refuse such a request, and without letting him know that it was any sacrifice to me, I told him I would go with him and nurse him till his friends should come to him.

"I had been with him just one week when his brother arrived, and I left him upon the recovery a few hours after, taking his address and giving him mine, that we might know where to find each other. It was not long after this that I wrote to him, telling him where a letter would reach me; I expected of course an answer to my letter, but none came; I was disappointed and a good deal troubled at this, for I had become interested in the young man and supposed he had some interest in me; it was not because I wanted thanks for my services, but I was grieved that he should not for his own sake have shown that he was sensible of my kindness; it was a source of mortification to me that I had been so deceived in him as this seemed to show, and I was greatly in hopes that he had not received my letter, or that there was some way of explaining such an apparent want of right feeling on his part.

"Four years passed and nothing came to assure me that the man whom I had treated like a brother had not forgotten me, and I had almost given up the hope that

there was some way of explaining his conduct, when I received from him a letter accompanying a parcel.

"The letter related to me that upon his arrival home he found that the house in which he had been concerned in business had failed, that he had been made utterly destitute by the state of his affairs, that he had gone through great trials, and had since his recovery from sickness been struggling hard to obtain a maintenance, but had at length succeeded in getting into business again.

"In the parcel I found a most beautiful silver vase with his initials and my own upon it, and underneath the inscription, "I was sick and ye visited me."

"I cannot tell you," he said, "how I value that vase; it is one of my most precious possessions."

It was indeed a beautiful remembrancer of the words of Jesus, of his injunction that we should love one another and consider every man our brother, and every woman our sister. This story teaches us also that no time is too long to trust those whom we have reason to think well of, and that when time or distance separates us from our friends, we must believe still, that they are faithful. If we practise this lesson towards the friends that God has given us, we shall find it easier to trust in his love when he seems to withhold it from us, and believe there is in store for us some proof that he has not forgotten us.

S. C. C.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

BE careful to do no violence to the moral sense of your child. You cannot be too careful on this point. No matter how trifling the occasion or how unimportant the particular thing may seem to you, to your child it may be of the greatest moment, the turning point of his character. Respect his conscience, his scruples; and although to your maturer judgment they may seem over nice, yet respect them; and especially never allow yourself to make them a subject of ridicule. If they are weak and childish, you do not look for the reasonableness of maturity in his youthful reflections, and time and experience must bring the corrective. To him they are of the greatest consequence. Disregard them, laugh at them, turn them into ridicule, entrap him into a violation of them, and you have shaken the foundations of his moral character: you have inflicted on him a wrong which may lead to the most fatal consequences to his virtue and self control.

But it may be asked, can any parent be so thoughtless as to do what in the above remarks we have supposed possible? We fear there may be many such parents, and among those too, who as the world goes are well meaning enough. They do not intend or contemplate the consequences which very likely may, probably will follow from their mode of dealing with their children, — it is mere thoughtlessness, — a joke perhaps.

We shall best illustrate what we mean by an incident. In a certain place, at a point not very remote, a good deal of interest has been excited on the subject of temperance. One of the most stirring and effective speakers in this cause had several times addressed the people, and the children were assembled that he might speak particularly to them and enrol their names as a cold-water army. He addressed them: he spoke among other things of the conscientiousness often displayed by children in relation to this matter, and illustrated it by the story of a boy who had joined a cold-water army and had heard that he must "touch not, taste not, handle not" rum or any such drink in any shape. His father was a drunkard, and had been accustomed to send this boy to purchase for him his rum. After becoming one of the cold-water army, the boy objected to going on any such errand. The father insisted, and at length the boy, though in tears, obeyed. When he returned he brought the jug suspended at the end of a pole, that he might not violate his conscience by touching or handling the hateful thing.

After the address, the children were formed into a cold-water army, and went away fully impressed with the conviction that to have any thing to do with strong drink in any form would be a violation of the pledge they had given in having their names inscribed on the rolls of this army.

Among the children was a little girl of about ten years of age whose name was Jane, and her brother Robert, four years younger. They went home full of the matter, and seemed to be especially impressed with

the story of the boy and the jug. The subject was often discussed by the children in their way. "Mother," said Robert, "I have got to drink three tumblers of cold water every day." "Why, how is that?" asked his mother. "I have, mother," said Robert, "for when I joined the cold-water army, that was my pledge. And if you should send me for any wine or brandy for your mince-pies, I shall bring it to you on a pole;" — with which idea Robert seemed very much amused, and somewhat inclined to be dispatched on such an errand, that he might have an opportunity of reducing to practice what appeared to him so funny, and at the same time so excellent a plan. "Yes, mother," said Jane, "and at any rate we can't eat any more of your mince-pies if you put wine or brandy in them," — "Or cider or beer," said Robert. "No," said Jane, "because you know, mother, that would be breaking the pledge."

Some months after this Jane and Robert had at dinner a piece of pie given them which they ate without any remark. But after dinner their mother told them that they had been eating pie which had brandy in it. "There now," exclaimed Jane, "we have broken the pledge, we have broken the pledge! — what shall we do. Why didn't you tell us, mother? We wouldn't have eaten it for any thing; what shall we do!" — It was too much for little Jane and she burst into tears. "That was too bad," said Robert, "we can't belong to the cold-water army any more. Every body will know that we have broken the pledge." "No," said Jane, "and when the cold-water army marches next 4th of July, we

shan't want to be with them because we have broken the pledge."

The only reply from the parents was a laugh. They seemed to enjoy very much the distress of the children, and ridiculed their scrupulousness. It was not easy, however, to quiet their tender consciences. They felt that they had violated a pledge; and although it had not been done voluntarily, they were not able to see that this was any excuse to them.

The parents were much amused by the incident. It was often spoken of in the presence of their children, but always as a good joke, and never without a laugh at their expense.

Were not these parents blind to the consequences which might ensue from this disregard of the scruples of their children? Those parents were professed friends of the Temperance reform, and no idea more painful to them could be presented than that their little bright-eyed, intelligent boy should become a drunkard, and drown his conscience, his feelings, and his promise in the intoxicating cup. But should such be his unhappy fate in after life, which Heaven forbid!—who can say how much of it may be attributable to this little incident, regarded by his parents as so excellent a joke, although involving perhaps the first violation of the child's conscience?

T.